

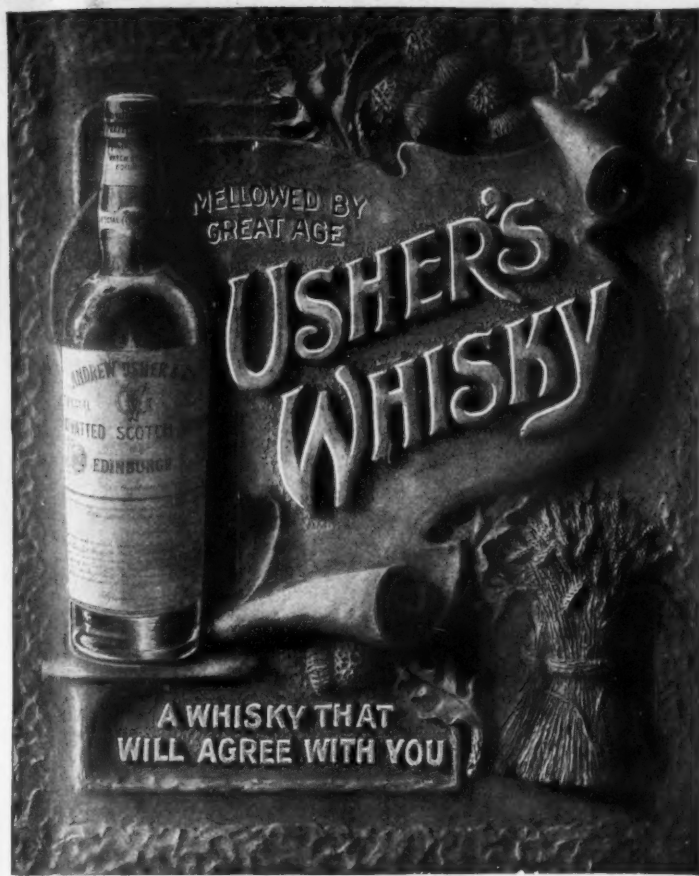


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• LIFE •

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The Best

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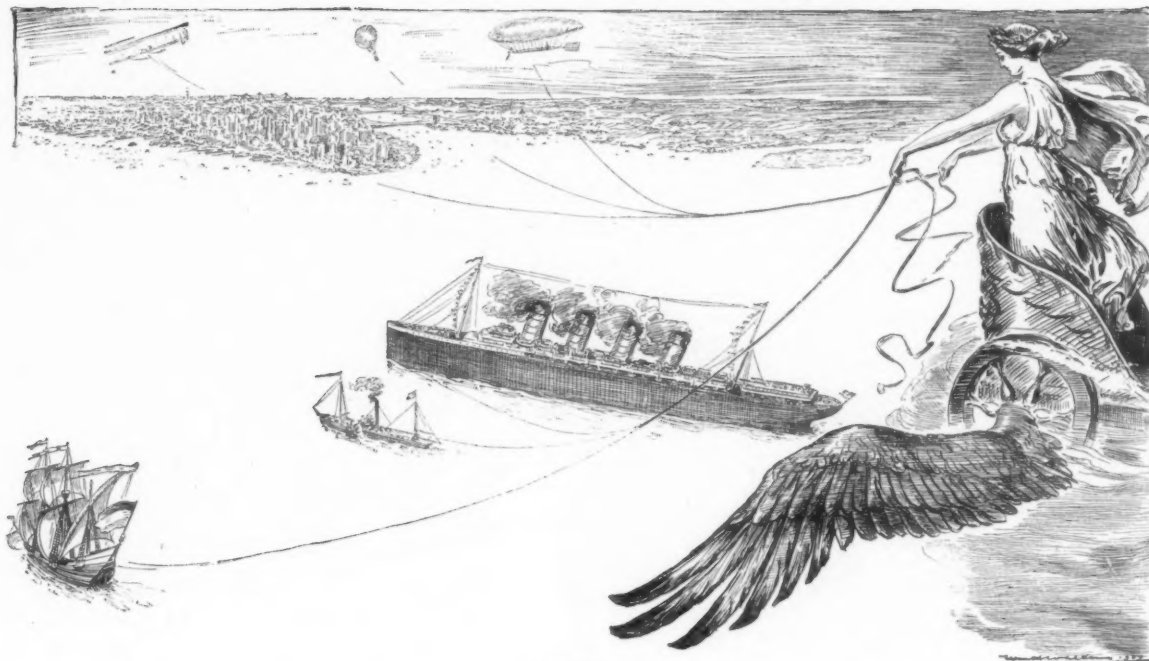
THE RED **W** BRAND

"MY rifles were an Army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by English friends. Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester, shooting the army ammunition, and his double barrel was a Rigby."

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
IN THE OCTOBER SCRIBNER.

TRUTH WILL OUT

LIFE



1609—1909

How I Found the Pole

A Challenge to the World

IN the summer of 1908, accompanied only by my mother-in-law, I started out in search of the pole. I thought it best at this time not to make any premature announcement of my intentions, as my mother-in-law was not feeling well and I was afraid that the notoriety might unnerve her.

We passed the winter in Greenland, where my mother-in-law knitted me some worsted neckties and a pair of sealskin suspenders. In the dead of winter we started North.

We both felt very confident of winning, as we had been practising every winter for years by going sleighing in an old-fashioned New England sleigh. Having survived that, the pole had no terrors for us.

On the 31st we reached the pole. The journey up was rather tiresome, as my mother-in-law insisted on waking me up at four o'clock every morning and reading family prayers. She is there now.

DURING all these centuries in which we have sought the North Pole, little did we reckon the power it possessed to heat things up.

POSSIBLY we could get the truth by turning Messrs. Cook and Peary over to the police department and giving them the third degree.

HOW happy with either we'd be, were t'other dear explorer away.



THE HARVEST MOON



"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. LIV, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909 No. 1405

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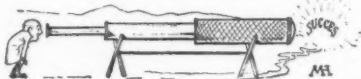
IT was demonstrated at the conference of New York Democrats, in the second week of this month at Saratoga, that there are Democrats in New York State who feel an intelligent and patriotic concern about politics. There were plenty of good men at that conference; they had plenty of good ideas and the ability to expound them. They drew up a statement of general Democratic principles that included a tariff for revenue only and indorsement of a Federal income tax, and they organized a State Democratic League for active participation in Democratic politics.

It was an encouraging meeting, and it is to be hoped that practical and important results may come of it. The men at that conference, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Shepard, Judge Parker, Judge Herrick, Colonel Monroe and their fellows, belong somewhere in organized politics. They used to be Democrats and they think they are Democrats still. They have set forth their political beliefs in such a fashion that it is no trouble to understand them, and they are in a position now to act together. Moreover, they are representative men and have a following among the Democratic voters of New York State which we believe to be very considerable.

It is to see, now, what they can do—whether they can work with the present Democratic organization in the State of New York, getting fair play and due representation; whether they will be so far in agreement with that organization as to be able to support its policies and candidates; or whether they will have to go it alone, and in

that case what popular support they can command.

It is a very interesting effort that has been made. The party in New York that was once the party of Seymour and Kernan and Tilden and Cleveland has lately come to be the party of Murphy, McCarren and Conners. Bryanism has brought it to that. Does that control and leadership suit it? Do those leaders truly represent its electorate, and are their political aspirations those of the rank and file of the Democratic party in New York? If yes, then things are going properly as they are; but if not, this new Democratic League gives a chance for something different.



"Why did you not have a white witness at the Pole?"

"Because after a lifetime of effort I dearly wanted the honor for myself."

SO a newspaper dispatch from Battle Harbor reports Commander Peary as saying.

Poor Peary! He did not understand.

It was as though Roosevelt had left all the other intrepid Rough Riders at the foot of San Juan Hill and had gone up alone and licked the Spaniards so as to have *all* the glory to himself.

He got it all, anyhow, and the good will of the R. R.s besides.

So would Peary have got all the glory of finding the Pole (since it was his expedition), no matter how many white men he had with him. And if he had had Marvin or Bartlett along to verify his observations his exploit would have been on a good deal better basis than it is.

Poor Peary! What a mistake he made! Cook comes back and says he reached the Pole with a couple of Eskimos. The world says it was a pity he did not have some one along who could corroborate his story. Then comes Peary with *his* story. The world accepts his assertion, but immediately observes that in so far as competent human witnesses go Cook's tale is at least as well backed up as Peary's. "He that findeth his life shall lose it," saith the Scripture (in discouragement of self-seekers), and Peary will be

lucky if he doesn't find it's so of the Pole.

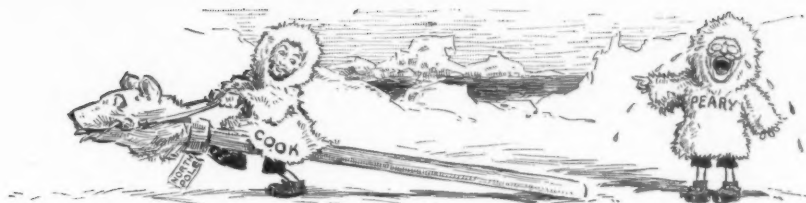
The trouble with finding the Pole is that there is nothing to it but glory; nothing in it at all but advertisement. It is not a service to humanity, but a sportsman's stunt, that appeals nowadays chiefly to vanity. The only thing at the North Pole that any one wants is newspaper headlines.



IT is a solemn thing to be a popular architect and build many buildings and have to live on in the same world with them. The poor performances of a writer die young and a painter's inferior pictures disappear, but an architect's work stays where he puts it. Year after year, decade after decade probably, there it stands, more durable at least than he is, praising or defaming him according as he planned it well or ill, and as its aspects pain or gratify the beholder. He fills his world with monuments to himself—the architect does—and then has to go on living among them.

Mr. Charles McKim, who died the other day, had no occasion to leave this world because his monuments reproached him. He worked to edification all his life. No one in his lifetime did so much as he to teach his countrymen what buildings ought to be. With his partners he did a work of education for which his own generation was grateful to him and for which future generations will honor his memory.

On the same day with Charles McKim died Mayo W. Hazeltine, a man of great learning and prodigious diligence, who had devoted himself incessantly for thirty-one years to imparting knowledge to American readers. For that length of time he had written, besides very much else, the book reviews signed by his initials and published in the *Sunday Sun*. In that work alone he had dealt at considerable length with every important book that had appeared in English since 1878, and given the gist of it, or so much as was possible, to American readers. There hardly remains in American journalism a worker of such incessant diligence or a mind so multifariously equipped with accurate knowledge.



HE'S GOT MY POLE?

September



TAFT'S TARIFF TALKING TOUR.



PROTEST AGAINST CENSORS.



GOING! CO-I-N-G-

F-F-F-O-ORE!



PROF. LOWELL HAS DISCOVERED MOISTURE ON MARS.

TOO LATE FOR US.

Our National Hold-Up



"WHY ARE CHILDREN SO MUCH WORSE THAN THEY USED TO BE?"

"I ATTRIBUTE IT TO IMPROVED IDEAS IN BUILDING."

"HOW SO?"

"SHINGLES ARE SCARCE, AND YOU CAN'T SPANK A BOY WITH A TIN ROOF."

New York School Children

SOME people seem to have become unduly excited over the fact that from sixty to one hundred thousand children of school age cannot be accommodated in the schools of New York.

Why should we worry over the mere matter of the education of these few children, when not only they, but many thousands more in New York and elsewhere are neither well fed, warmly clad, wholesomely housed nor decently environed? It is straining at gnats. Furthermore, children do not need education to tend machines in the factories or pick coal in the mines.

Let us be calm. There are no rich children among this lot.

Ellis O. Jones.

NOW that the tariff lions are tolerably sure of their prey, and the Christian consumer is being stripped and bound for the arena, our minds turn meditatively to the fate of our fellow creatures who are returning to their native shores laden with new clothes and picture postal cards. Is the quality of mercy shown them on the docks strained to nothingness, or does it drop like gentle dew upon their anxious hearts? The average American citizen dislikes being treated as a felon, and years of experience fail to reconcile him to this salutary humiliation. Some dim notion about being held innocent until he is proven guilty haunts his mind, and he resents the attitude of the Custom House which holds him guilty until he is proven innocent, and then dismisses him with contumely. It is hard to come into dock with all the pleasurable anticipations of an old-time stage-coach passenger entering an outlaw-haunted wood; it is harder still to play the dual part of robbed and robber, to be "held up"

at the pistol point, and at the same time accused of breaking one's country's laws.

If the Government of the United States persists in this petty persecution, this absurd travesty of justice, it should at least go about the business decently. It should provide clean quarters for the accused and imprisoned travelers, permit them (through bars) to see their waiting friends, and expedite the searching of luggage, so that weary men and women will not be detained for hours upon the docks. Inspectors should not be encouraged to sweeten their labors by deranging and soiling the delicate garments they handle. This has always been one of the ameliorations of the official lot—which is a weary one—and, at the same time, it is supposed to persuade the disfranchised sex to buy their clothes at



ON THE ICE CREAM

"DO YOU SEE ANY AMERICAN FLAG UP THERE?"

Fly on the ice-cream: NO; THERE HAS BEEN NO EXPLORER HERE. IT CAN'T BE REAL.

home. But, looked at dispassionately, the whole performance is a stupid farce, discrediting the mighty nation which stoops annually to play it.

Agnes Repplier.

Comparative Values

TAKING Dr. Cook's veracity at Commander Peary's valuation, still it compares very well with Commander Peary's manners.

Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,397.58
"From a Sincere Friend".....	5.00
Miss A. F. Crane.....	5.00
Julius Pleth.....	4.75

\$6,412.33



PEACE OR WAR?



RIVALRY ON THE HUDSON
A MIDNIGHT RACE

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No connection with any other establishment.)



WHEN WE
MARRIED

THE widespread report that the manager of this bureau is having trouble with his wife, and the possible damage to our business as a result thereof, leads us to mention a matter that, under the most favorable circumstances, must necessarily be painful. But we shall meet it fairly and squarely.

We care nothing for ourselves. Our enemies are at liberty to circulate any scandal that they choose against our character and motives. We expect to be misunderstood in certain quarters, and, indeed, regard it as an honor. But in justice to our customers—some of whom have been waiting patiently for months to undergo treatment—we must dispose forever of this base calumny.

The facts in the case are simple. Our wife is not the easiest person in the world to get along with. She has threatened for some time to make public our strained relationship, merely because she thought, by using this method, she could

get us to neglect our business and become a sort of man of all work around the house, at her beck and call morning, noon and night. She thought she could frighten us by publicity.

She is mistaken. There are some things that no man of honor can permit himself, and this happens to be one of them. We are sensitive. Otherwise we could not have shown the broad sympathy for every case that has up to the present moment been brought to our doors. We are human. We shrink—more than we can say—from publicity. But God has given us courage and a conscience, and in the performance of our plain duty we shall not swerve from our beaten path.

There is another thing that our wife has evidently not counted upon. She fails to realize that vast, silent, suffering body of husbands now on our books, all waiting to be cured, waiting to be placed where they belong—at the head of their own households. If we should fail them at this critical moment, what would hap-

pen to them? In their despair they would probably fall into the hands of some of our hungry rivals, only too eager to pick up, at all times, our left-over trade.

We think we fully understand how a gentleman actuated by the loftiest motives should act under similar circumstances, and we shall, therefore, so far as our wife is concerned, be silent about her faults. She is unquestionably a peculiar person. Her disposition is—to put it mildly—not the best in the world, but such as she is she is the work of her Creator, and we have no complaint to make. We have no doubt that she was created for some good and useful purpose, and if, up to the present moment, we have failed to find out what it is, that may be our fault.

The pursuit of our own profession has given us a vast experience with all phases of the human heart, and if there are two things that we have acquired in abounding measure they are Charity and Humility. We say, therefore, that, although our wife may be quarrelsome and vindictive and mean and small in many ways, may talk us half to death when we come home late at night with the full



CUT-UP PUZZLE

CUT THIS PICTURE UP AND ARRANGE PIECES TO LOOK AS THEY DID BEFORE THE ACCIDENT

burden of our responsibilities, it would be extremely unbecoming in us to mention this matter in any carping spirit.

There is hope for us all. We have never yet seen a human soul so lost to every uplifting influence that she could not be reclaimed. We believe that our wife is no exception to this rule, and we are more than glad to have this public opportunity to do her full justice—something that she has denied to us. Although it is impossible for any man who has a particle of self-respect left in his bosom to live with her, there may be a real purpose behind all this which is not at present revealed. We shall continue to bear our cross without complaint, and with the dignity that our position demands.

To those of our friends who have been good enough to send us messages of sympathy and condolence, we can only reply in this public manner, as the vast organization we control renders it impossible for us to acknowledge each individual communication. We can assure everybody, however, that we feel most deeply the support we are receiving, not only from the outside, but from our immediate trade.

We regret to say, however, that there are some whom we have hitherto counted as our friends who, for some reason, have failed to understand our position. One gentleman, for example, sends us the following. It is a fair sample of many letters and telegrams received:

Dear Sirs:

I enclose clipping from the — *Globe*, which may interest you, inasmuch as it gives an account of some of your own matrimonial affairs. And yet you pose as being the manager of a bureau to bring husbands and wives together. Why don't you give yourself a treatment? This is a great blow to me, as I really thought you were the goods. H— W—



NOW

While we deem it altogether beneath our dignity to make any explanation, perhaps it might be well to reply to this gentleman and others of his mistaken way of thinking that it ought to be obvious to any one that we could easily cure ourselves by taking our own regular course of treatment. But we cannot, of course, spare the time. We should have to give up our business during the treatment to some incompetent person, and

owing to the fact that our case is now so far advanced as to take a long time we could not dream of sacrificing our many customers merely to place ourselves where we rightfully belong. This ought to be plain to any friend who understands our character and motives. We have hesitated about even mentioning it, and only do so now because there are always those who are so blind that they cannot see.

As long as we have health and strength our customers will find us at our post day and night. We cannot see you personally, but we are with you just the same. Write fully and freely, no matter what your condition. We cure the most obstinate cases. Send for illustrated catalogue and testimonials. Open day and night. Write, call or wire. Our motto: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

THE NORTH POLE TO COOK: This is so sudden.

COOK TO THE NORTH POLE: The pleasure is mine.



BLIND LOVE



SEEING THINGS

Rip Van Winkle: I SWEAR, I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER DROP

Before and After

"MR. HUDSON?"

"At your service, sir."

The questioner was a tall and dignified Iroquois chief. He stood on the bank of the Hudson River, just below its juncture with the Harlem. He indicated that his visitor should be seated.

"My tribe, as you may have heard, is not noted for its loquacity," he said. "I am the single exception to the rule. You have come, as I understand, to discover this region and pave the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you realize what you are doing?"

"I am no prophet."

The Indian chief swung his graceful arm half way around the horizon.

"I am," he replied, "and I should like, with your kind permission, to make a prediction. In the course of time this island, that you see stretching toward the south, will be swarming with inhabitants. All these trees will be supplanted by vast structures, and on the ground will be miles of stone flooring. Millions of beings will make their way back and

forth, hurrying with all their strength. Terrible engines, freighted with these beings, will traverse this land and on both sides vast bridges will span these bodies of water. Underneath there will be long subterranean tubes."

The Indian paused, while his keen eye glowed with fire.

"I see it all," he said, "as in a vision."

"And you?" said Henry Hudson.

"I shall go—I and my people. We shall be no more upon the face of the earth."

"And these people that are to come—will they be happy or miserable?"

The Indian paused before replying. Then he said slowly:

"One-fifth of them will be wretched beings, struggling to keep themselves barely alive, with no hope and no pleasure in life. Disease and want will harass them constantly. Two-fifths will be slightly better off, but these will be constantly haunted by the fear of poverty, and in the midst of luxury, which they constantly see before them, will be unable to do anything more than barely to

maintain themselves. One-fifth of the remainder will be adventurers, trading on the turn of a coin, rushing hither and thither like madmen, up to-day, down to-morrow, gamblers with every form of chance, sating themselves with fiery liquids, and shrieking with the laughter of desperation and open defiance of decency. The remaining fifth will possess the land. All the others will be working for them, catering to their wants, satisfying all their fleeting vanities, cultivating their intelligences, administering to their comfort."

"And will this fifth be happy?"

"They will possess power, superiority over others and the multiple satisfactions of all the material things to be had. They will have a certain amount of leisure, the cultivation of some beauty and of some intellect.

But they will not be so happy as you and I have been, because their imaginations will be dwarfed, while their capacity for pleasure will be constantly tormented with the thought that they may be missing something—that, for the moment, they may have made a wrong choice."

For some moments Hudson did not reply. Then he turned to his companion.

"You're a liar!" he said simply.

"If I am, you will know it in due time.

If I am not, I will meet you on this spot when all is fulfilled and make you eat those words."

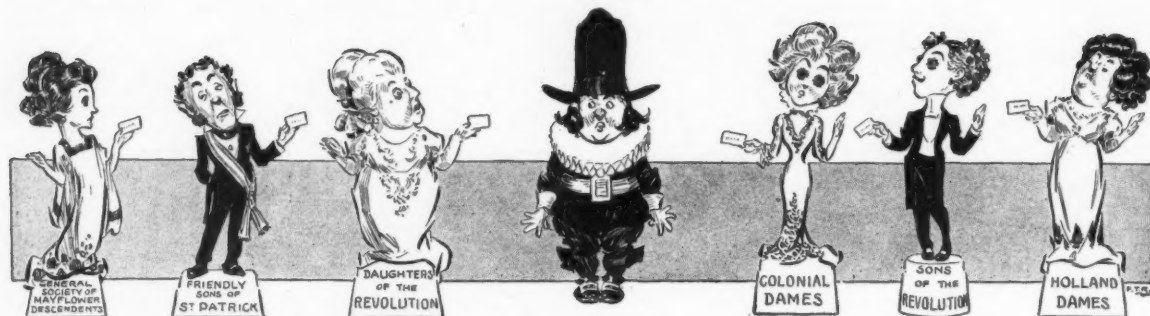
"When shall we meet?"

"On the 25th of September, 1909."

"I'll be here."



CANDIED EXPRESSIONS



Henry Hudson's Log

WE anchored safe in Fathoms four
Within a Baye, and did espie
A pleasaunt, many-peopled Shore
With Lodges most amazing hie,

From where some Natives, partlie tamed,
Did come in Shallops nine or ten
To make us Speeches;—these were
named,

"Ye Sons-in-Lawe of Famous Men."

Ashore wee went, and soon a Band
Appeared, bedecked with Silver Starres,
Which called themselves, I understand,
"Ye Sons of Them Which Fitt in
Warres."

Another Tribe did entertaine
Our Tars at Meat within an Halle;

And they were hight, "Ye Noble Straine
Of Them Which Came Here First of
Alle!"

Their Womankind, in Beves Twain,
Did make us Cheere with Dance and
Song,

But eyther Group in hie Disdain
Did scorn ye other Lovelie Throng;

Aye, each called other, "Sycophants"
And "Upstarte Crewe!"—Thei'r
Rightful Names

Were, "Nieces of Ancestral Aunts,"
And "Daughters of Maternal Dames."

Ye "Sons of Irish Pioneers,"
Ye "Native Sons of Foreign Kinges,"
Ye "Sons of Hessian Grenadiers"
And Sundrie Sons of Other Thynges

About us raised a Goodlie Stir.—

A modest Folk they seemed to mee,
More Vaine of what their Fathers were
Than Proud of what theirselves might
bee.

Yet more were there too Low to wear
Grand Coats-of-Arms or courtlie
Masks—

An Hoste which found no Time to spare
But stronglie toiled at many Tasks.

I craved of one of sturdie Mold,
"What 'Sons' bee ye?" With mer-
rie Face,

"No 'Sons'!" he cried; "in us be-
hold

Ye Fathers of ye Coming Race!"

Arthur Guiterman.

What It Is All About

BRIEFLY, the Hudson-Fulton celebration is designed to emphasize the progress of the country from Hudson Bay to Back Bay and thence to Oyster Bay.

It is a long, vigorous and bizarre jump. In that time we have discovered the Monroe Doctrine, taught it proudly to our children, let it grow to a ripe old age, and buried it

gloriously in the Philippines. We have discovered Oklahoma and pine lumber, vested rights and coated pills, perpetual franchises and ephemeral cooks, new thought and old furniture, high tariff and low morals, idle rich and working poor, hipless women and hairless men, standing collars and lying politicians, magazines with and without policies, best sellers and worst writers, floating soap and sinking life-preservers. And now the North Pole gets under the wire just in time to keep us cool and divert our minds from the temperate zone, twentieth century, A. D.

Ellis O. Jones.



IF APPLES GREW ON REDWOOD TREES



Little Rollo: IF I HADN'T HEARD HER PROVE THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS PAIN I WOULD SUSPECT HER OF FEELING THAT TACK I PLACED ON HER CHAIR.

The Mombasa Massacre

(Written on hearing that ex-President Roosevelt had added two fine giraffes to his bag of South African game.)

O THEODORE, in days of yore,
Your courage I admired!
What fame you won, with rod and gun,
What laurels you acquired!
The grizzly bear, within his lair,
You bravely would pursue,
And goodness knows what buffaloes
And other things you slew
Ere (on the Cinematograph)
I saw you slaughter a giraffe!

That kindly beast (alas, deceased!)
Is harmless as a cat;
It seems a shame you shouldn't aim
At higher game than that!
Go forth and track the savage yak,
Go seek the tiger's gore,
Pursue the gnu, the kangaroo,
The lion and the boar!
Go rob the bison of her calf,
But, oh, don't murder the giraffe!

For if, in short, your views of sport
Such massacres allow,
You'd better stay at home, and slay
The cart-horse and the cow;
Or men will doubt those tales about
Your sportsmanship and grit,
Who read with gloom, upon your tomb,
In blood-red letters writ:
"HERE LIES"—a fearful epitaph—
"THE MAN WHO MURDERED A
GIRAFFE!"

Harry Graham.

Didn't Bother Him

A COMMUTER was walking up
and down the platform waiting
for the train that always seemed to be
delayed.

"This is a terrible road," he said,
addressing a prosperous looking by-
stander.

"I've heard a great many complaints
about it," was the reply.

"Yes," went on the commuter,
"nearly every morning I'm late to
business, and when I get home at night
the dinner is cold. How do you find
it?"

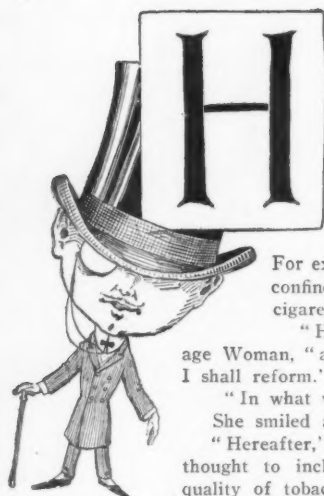
"Oh," returned the other, "I have
no kick coming. I'm the president of
the road and I always travel in an
auto."

THE man who writes for posterity
may get idolators, but few readers.



AN OLD PRINT

Reciprocity



OW sad it is," said the Average Man to the Average Woman, "that you are a tiresome creature—considered, of course, from a purely impersonal standpoint."

"I am interested," said the Average Woman. "Pray go on—as far as you like. I'm in the mood where real candor is the only thing I care for. Why, then, am I tiresome?"

"Because of your limited range. For example, your conversation is exclusively confined to babies and bridge, servants and cigarettes, clothes and cotillons."

"How interesting!" exclaimed the Average Woman, "and how true! That suggests an idea. I shall reform."

"In what way?"

She smiled ambitiously.

"Hereafter," she said, "I shall widen my range of thought to include business, sport, woman and the quality of tobacco and rum, interspersed occasionally by the telling of indecent stories."

The Average Man had nothing to say. Indeed, for the first time in his life he was actually thinking.

Never Heard of O. W.

"THERE are some very interesting articles in the magazines about Holmes this month," we say to our friend.

"Holmes?" he sniffs. "I'm tired of Conan Doyle's stuff."

To-Day

WHEN love flies out of the door, affinities fly in at the window.



The Arousing of Helena from Her Slumber



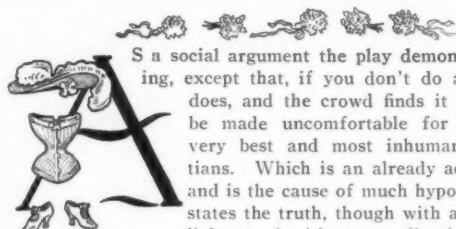
ELENA'S awakening was to the fact that the majority rules. And the majority having decided that affairs of the heart may be carried to their natural climax only under the color of matrimony, *Helena's* awakening from conducting her heart affair in her own way and against the majority convention was made rather painful for her, as the majority has

a way of doing with those who allow themselves to get out of step.

In "The Awakening of Helena Richie" the heroine had tried the convention of matrimony unhappily, the result apparently without fault of her own. The play hinges on her having afterward gone outside the convention and found happiness for a time. Then the majority enforces its laws and *Helena*, the least guilty of those immediately concerned, gets

altogether the worst, in fact the only, punishment awarded to any of them.

It takes three jolts to awaken *Helena*. First a cub lover learns that she has dared to try happiness without priestly sanction, makes up his mind that she is, or ought to be, a pariah, and kills himself in consequence. Then the gentleman who had found his pleasure in her violating the will of the majority shows her that he cares more for the convention than he does for her love. Lastly the mother-love that is in her asserts itself in favor of an adopted child, and she is awake to the fact that you must be respectable if you want to be happy, unless you prefer desert islands as a place of abode. As the final curtain goes down at this point the authors force us to the conclusion that *Helena* had really awakened to truth. As nothing is vouchsafed as to *Helena's* subsequent career in the way of happiness the conclusion does not stick.

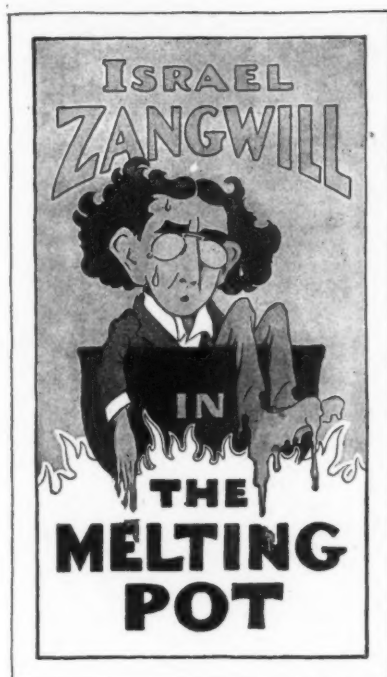


S a social argument the play demonstrates nothing, except that, if you don't do as the crowd does, and the crowd finds it out, life will be made uncomfortable for you by the very best and most inhumane of Christians. Which is an already accepted truth and is the cause of much hypocrisy. It restates the truth, though with amusing sidelights, and with an excellently drawn picture of the woman who has no desire to offend rebelling against the law she had no hand or voice in making, but which she cannot alter or avoid.

Mrs. Deland's book, from which the play was taken, may have been a tract for virtue or a treatise against the tyranny of the virtuous, but Charlotte Thompson, who put it in stage form, has seized on its human side and given its appeals and arguments dramatic value.

In the acting, the principal interest naturally centers in the character of *Helena*, although that of *Dr. Lavender*, before whom she comes in judgment, might very well have been elaborated into almost equal importance. Miss Anglin, who has lately returned from a triumphal tour of Australia, might have been expected to make *Helena* a tearfully repentant Magdalen, but she has chosen wisely to lift the part up into the realm of lightness and real humanity. The temptation to make it a weepy heroine has been skillfully avoided, a recognition of the possibilities of portraying emotion without constant recourse to the lace handkerchief, which is both grateful and novel in a present-day leading actress. Although Miss Anglin failed to stir her audience as mightily as she has in some other parts, it was evidently voluntary avoiding of the obvious and easy which made her performance entirely logical and far more agreeable than it might have been.

Mr. Findlay's *Dr. Lavender* was not drawn with sufficient breadth. Just the man he pictured, charming as his work was in detail, lacked in the peculiar mingling of sweetness and force needed to give him the place he evidently held in his little community. Mr. Ormonde was excellent in the role of the lover who did not care to face the social complications involved in changing to a husband, and artistically put aside many opportunities to over-act. Mr. Probert was conscientious and effective in the unsympathetic part of the cub lover. Mr. Cummings in a powerful character bit, Mr. Wyngate as a sort of kindly prosecuting attorney in the case of *Helena*, Master Hackett in the child's part, and the Misses Williams and Swigget as a country doctor's wife and a country servant, complete a cast well chosen and doing remarkably good ensemble work.



PROPOSED POSTERS FOR PLAYWRIGHTS

The piece is well mounted, the parlor of *Helena's* house in Old Chester showing the same fidelity to completeness and accuracy of detail that has won so much praise for some of Mr. Belasco's productions. Miss Anglin's gowns of the period of 1860 were faithful to that era of ugly dressing, and went to demonstrate the gown can't unmake the woman, if she has sufficient attractiveness to start with. "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is interesting, and has the human qualities which make it a play and not a discussion of a current topic in politics or economics. For which let us be thankful.



BY way of variety, "Helena" is described without reference to the book from which it is taken, and in fact without a previous reading of that largely sold publication. Which raises the question of whether in reviewing a play based on a book, it is better first to have read the book or not. It would seem as though a play ought to be judged on its merits simply as a play. The dramatic version cannot possibly give all that the book pictures to the mind of the reader, and that is why that outside of gratifying the curiosity to see how it is

done so many such plays are disappointing to the previously enlightened spectator. In fact many dramatizers seem to assume this familiarity to the bewilderment of the very large number of theatregoers who are not also book-readers. In the present instance Charlotte Thompson has avoided this error, and the play tells a connected and moving story with characters which are, if not exact reproductions of those drawn by Mrs. Deland, thoroughly credible, human, and yet endowed with dramatic qualities. The play is well worth seeing, whether one has or has not read the work on which it is founded.



Recent occurrences make reasonable a conjecture as to what has become of all that valuable legislation our noble Board of Aldermen cooked up last season to deal with the ticket speculators. It might be supposed that the large number of play-houses now in operation would deprive the speculator of his opportunities and perhaps it does interfere with the profits of the speculator at large. But the increased competition makes it all the more necessary for the manager without a conscience to make his customers pay the utmost possible dollar for their seats. Which seems to make it necessary for LIFE to state once more that:

A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside. Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Repertory of operas sung in Italian by Italian artists at popular prices.

Astor—"The Man from Home" continues to show in a phenomenal run the inferiority of European chivalry to that of America.

Belasco—"Is Matrimony a Failure." Clever fun with life in the suburbs. Adapted from the German by Mr. Ditrichstein.

Bijou—"The Intruder," by Thompson Buchanan. Notice later.

Broadway—"The Midnight Sons." The cleverest of the summer musical shows still holding its stage.

Casino—"The Girl and the Wizard." Notice later.

Comedy—Pretty, new theatre with "The Melting Pot." Mr. Zangwill's dramatic sermon on what America means to the Jewish people.

Criterion—"The Noble Spaniard," with Mr. Robert Edeson. Notice later.

Daly's—Viola Allen in a dramatization of the late Marion Crawford's "The White Sister." Notice later.

Empire—Mr. John Drew in "Inconstant George," adapted by Miss Gladys Unger. Notice later.

Garrick—"Detective Sparkes," with Hattie Williams as the star. Comedy-farce only moderately amusing.

Hackett—"Such a Little Queen." Mr. Channing Pollock's pleasant fantastic comedy with Elsie Ferguson's delightful acting.

Herald Square—"The Rose of Algeria." Notice later.



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

Hippodrome—Outdoing all its former efforts in the way of circus, ballet and spectacle.

Hudson—"The American Widow." Grace Filkins in the title part of an amusing but risky farce-comedy.

Lyceum—"Arsène Lupin." Detective drama translated from the French. Interesting and amusing and well acted.

Lyric—"The Chocolate Soldier." Really amusing and musical comic opera, well sung and performed.

Majestic—"The Bridge." Mr. Rupert Hughes's serio-comedy dealing with the labor question and with Mr. Guy Bates Post as the star.

Manhattan Opera House—Preliminary educational season of grand opera.

Marine Elliott's—"The Blue Mouse." One of last season's funny but questionable farces.

Savoy—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." See above.

Stuyvesant—Mr. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." Clever and much discussed drama of the Tenderloin. Not for the young.

Wallack's—Mr. George Broadhurst's "The Dollar Mark." Interesting play of the money and corporation question in American life.

Weber's—"The Climax." The tender little musical play which wins every one's heart.



THE RACT

Hudson to Fulton: YOU SUPPLY THE BOAT AND



C. BROUGHTON

THE RACT
SUPPLY BOAT AND I'LL SUPPLY THE RIVER

What Do You Know?

BY ELLIS O. JONES



Every Wage Earner Knows

THAT he is not getting enough money.

That the man next to him is getting too much.

That he is more popular before election than after.

That his chances to be President are becoming slimmer every day.

That an increase in the family is equivalent to a decrease in wages.

That he would be able to save money if it didn't cost so much to live.

What Every Wife Knows

THAT her husband doesn't appreciate her.

That "two souls with but a single thought" is a beautiful fiction.

That it is a great deal more difficult to be a wife than a husband.

That her husband isn't so polite as he was before they were married.

That she is the only woman in town who knows how to take care of a child properly.

Every Preacher Knows

THAT he is a superior being.

That it is hard to get money.

That it is still harder to bring up children.

That everybody who pays pew rent is not religious.

That some day he is going to branch out and become real independent.



What Every Lawyer Knows

THAT fees stop when cases are settled.

That technicalities furnish a multitude of fees.

That it is all right to be honest if convenient.

That no one is ever satisfied with the outcome of a lawsuit.

That a lawsuit is a conundrum at which the judge has the last guess.

That it is a great deal easier to get into a lawsuit than it is to get out.

That knowledge of human nature is more important than knowledge of the law.

That the chief mourners usually stop at the court-house on the way back from the funeral.

Every Newspaperman Knows

THAT the headline is mightier than the text.

That circulation is more important than reputation.

That embellishment is more important than facts.

That one divorce case is worth a hundred tariff bills.

That the only news worth printing is that which is not fit to print.

That every paper has a business office with decided editorial opinions.

Every Husband Knows

THAT he is entitled to more respect than he receives.

That all other husbands are happier than he is.

That he would give anything if his wife only loved him as much as she once did.

That his wife gets less value for the money she spends than any other wife.

That two cannot possibly live as cheaply as one, especially if one of them is a woman.

What Every Writer Knows

THAT he can write.

That editors are very poor judges of literature.

That his product would sell if he only had the name to back it up.

That the chief difficulty is to write down to the level of the public.

That he could easily write a great deal more if he only knew what to write about.

Scientific Opinions

PROFESSOR HEADSTRONG: "I am greatly interested in the present newspaper controversy, but I am of the opinion that no explorer should be credited who does not erect a wireless telegraph station at the North Pole. This of course will not be feasible until we learn how to send ham sandwiches and other articles of diet by wireless."

Dr. Phido Squinter objected strenuously to being quoted at this juncture; but, after being coaxed, he said with becoming modesty: "It may be stated with scientific accuracy that either or both Cook or (and) Peary did or did not discover the North Pole as claimed."

Dr. Ass Trologer was discovered by your reporter hard at work on his annual prophecy as to the end of the world. He said: "I have carefully examined the stars under which Dr. Cook was born, married, etc., and I find that he positively did not discover the pole." Dr. Trologer claims a relationship with Lieutenant Peary under the Theosophist code.

Hon. Oldham Blackstone was asked for his opinion; but, after thoroughly examining his most complete law library, he refrained on the ground that, as there was no precedent in any of the law books covering the discovery of the pole, he would have to wait until

the Supreme Court slept on the case.

Professor Terwilliger Tweedledum said: "I take no interest in the personal controversy between Messrs. Cook and Peary. Modesty forbids my saying that I am an eminent scientist, but I may say that I am eminently a scientist, and, as such, I cannot too emphatically refute the charge that the discovery of the North Pole had anything whatsoever to do with the recent cold spell."

Several politicians were also approached, but they all thought it not wise to express an opinion until after the regular conventions of their respective parties.



Henry Hudson: COME ON, RIP, LET'S ROLL FOR THE DRINKS

Justice

JUST a little Aldrich,
Just a little Payne,
Fixes up the tariff
For financiers again.

Diary of Hendrik Hudson

(As It Might Have Been)

MONDAY: Attempted to land at Battery. Was knocked down and searched by several villains, who afterwards proved to be Custom House officers. Sprang overboard and escaped to ship.

Tuesday: Made a bluff at landing on Staten Island. Attacked by Standard Oil mosquitoes. Barely escaped with my life.

Wednesday: Entered lower Twenty-third street, entirely alone and unprotected. Was beset by a hansom-cab driver who hadn't had a job for three months and who was desperate. Appealed to policeman, who upheld driver. Was about to be carried away bodily when cab broke down and I jumped overboard again. Rested quietly until nine o'clock, when I was towed out to sea by a New York tug and held up for towage. Amount, three hundred dollars. Paid it and started back determined to explore country if possible.

Thursday: Landed in Harlem. Attempted to board a surface car. Conductor couldn't change a hundred-dollar

bill, so kept it. Said that Thomas Ryan needed the money. Landed in upper Broadway. Was clubbed almost to death by a policeman. Friendly chorus girl took me in and, by changing clothes, I got away.

Friday: Hid myself in a trunk and attempted to get transferred across town. People coming back from their vacations and I got mixed up with the others. Have been lost for hours, and without food, except a restaurant sandwich and a pound of breakfast food. Shall die if I don't get nourishment. Later: Was broken open by a baggage man in Grand Central, who thought I belonged to a lady who hadn't tipped him. Ran all way to river, jumped in and made ship.

Saturday: Have seen all I want of "little old New York," as they call it, and shall make desperate efforts to get away to-day.

Sunday (off Fire Island): Got away, after losing all my valuables. Expect to pass rest of my life in a sanitarium. Just wait until I try to discover another civilized country!

Pitiless Morality

THE Moloch of morality is hard to appease. Not content with the immolation of art by the interdict laid on such books as Herick's "Together," it must needs go

further and exact that in every five-foot shelf and nutshell library "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Rasselas" shall have place. John Bunyan was an extraordinary tinker, and Dr. Johnson, with the help of Boswell, could make cant more or less diverting; but is that any reason why we should keep on insisting that mush is literature?



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT



The Dispute

Smith said that Cook was surely first
To stand upon the pole.
And Brown said Peary was the man
Who won the icy goal.
Brown added then a few remarks
On Smith's veracity,
And Smith responded with a punch
On Brown's anatomy.

Now where had Brown gained Arctic lore
To give his views such weight?
He once within a skating rink
Had cut the figure 8.
And where had Smith acquired his fund
Of information rare?
Some years ago in Central Park
He saw a polar bear.

—Sun.

Bravery Its Own Reward

THE LADY (to hero who had risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave, and looks for some reward): Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin. Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time.—*The Throne and Country.*



LIFE'S SUGGESTION TO HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION VISITORS WHO WISH TO AVOID BEING TAKEN FOR STRANGERS.

To the Creditor

A Toast

Here's to the Creditor! Long may he reign.
May his Faith never waver, his Trust never wane;
May the Lord make him gentle, and gracious, and gay,
Yet quick to resent the least offer of pay—
May he soften his heart, as he softened, we're told,
To the Israelites' "touch" the Egyptian of old—
And when on his last long account he shall look,
The angel will say as he closes the book:
"The Lord gives you Credit for Credit you gave!"
So here's to the Creditor—long may he waive!

—Oliver Herford in *Collier's*.

Dwelling in Gotham

FOREIGN VISITOR: Does it cost much to live in New York?

HOST: No, sir; it doesn't cost much to live in this city, but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances.—*New York Weekly.*

To steal a kiss is natural. To buy one is stupid. Two girls kissing is a waste of time. To kiss one's sister is proper. To kiss one's wife is an obligation. To kiss an ugly woman is galantry. To kiss an old, faded woman is devotion. To kiss a young, blushing girl is—quite a different thing. To kiss one's rich aunt is hypocrisy. Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance. To kiss one's mother-in-law is a holy sacrifice.—*The Sun.*

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Every one of the merits of custom boots—plus several others—may now be yours without any waiting. We offer you literal correctness, fetching smartness, integrity of material and a rational price scale, in

*Fine Boots for Men & Women
Ready for Instant Service*

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WHEN YOU WRITE

a formal note or a social letter, you are often forced to choose between a printed business letterhead, ladies' stationery, or some of the soft, flimsy paper so often offered men. Ask your dealer for "the stationery of a gentleman,"



Old Hampshire Bond

a paper meeting every social requirement and distinctly for men. Keep a box in your rooms and one at the office.

Sample on Request

**HAMPSHIRE
PAPER COMPANY**

The Only Paper Makers in the World
Making Bond Paper Exclusively.

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS
MASS.



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The Six Best Jokes

Culled from LIFE's exchanges for the past week.

Back to the Home Roost

A traveler in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed. He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened little old man with a club, while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?" "He's mah husband, an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll suah beat him some moah."

"What has he done?"

"Wha's he done? Why, this triffin' no-count nigger done lef' de door of my chicken-house open and all mah chickens done gone out."

"Pshaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, suh, they'll go back."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Pleased His Majesty

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Salford by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick, an' will you please do it again?"—*Sketchy Bits.*

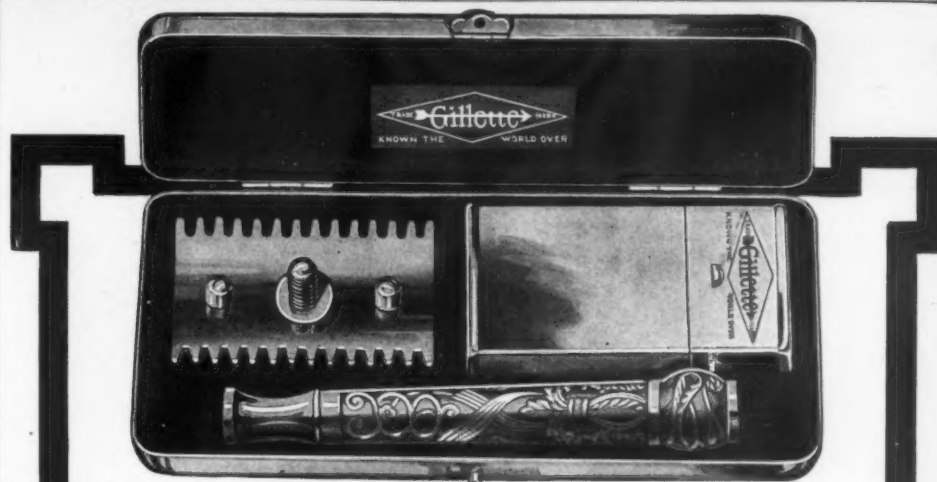
What He Got

A good many years ago, in the State of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said: "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"I'm introducing a brand new invention—a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.

"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married."—*Bohemian.*



Gillette Safety Razor

NO matter how skillful a man may be with an ordinary razor he will occasionally nick his face—and there is always the danger of a *bad cut*.

The Gillette is safe. On some mornings a man is nervous or in a hurry and there are times when "his fingers are all thumbs"—then there's special comfort in the Gillette. It requires no stropping or honing. He can shave quickly—clean up all the corners without a cut or scratch.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith (actual size), is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices \$5.00 to \$7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
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BROMO~ SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottles.



Just as Good

SHE: Oh, George, you've broken your promise!

THE CHEERFUL ONE: Never mind, dearie; I'll make you another!—*Comic Cuts.*

UNCLE: I hope you've been a good boy, Tommy.

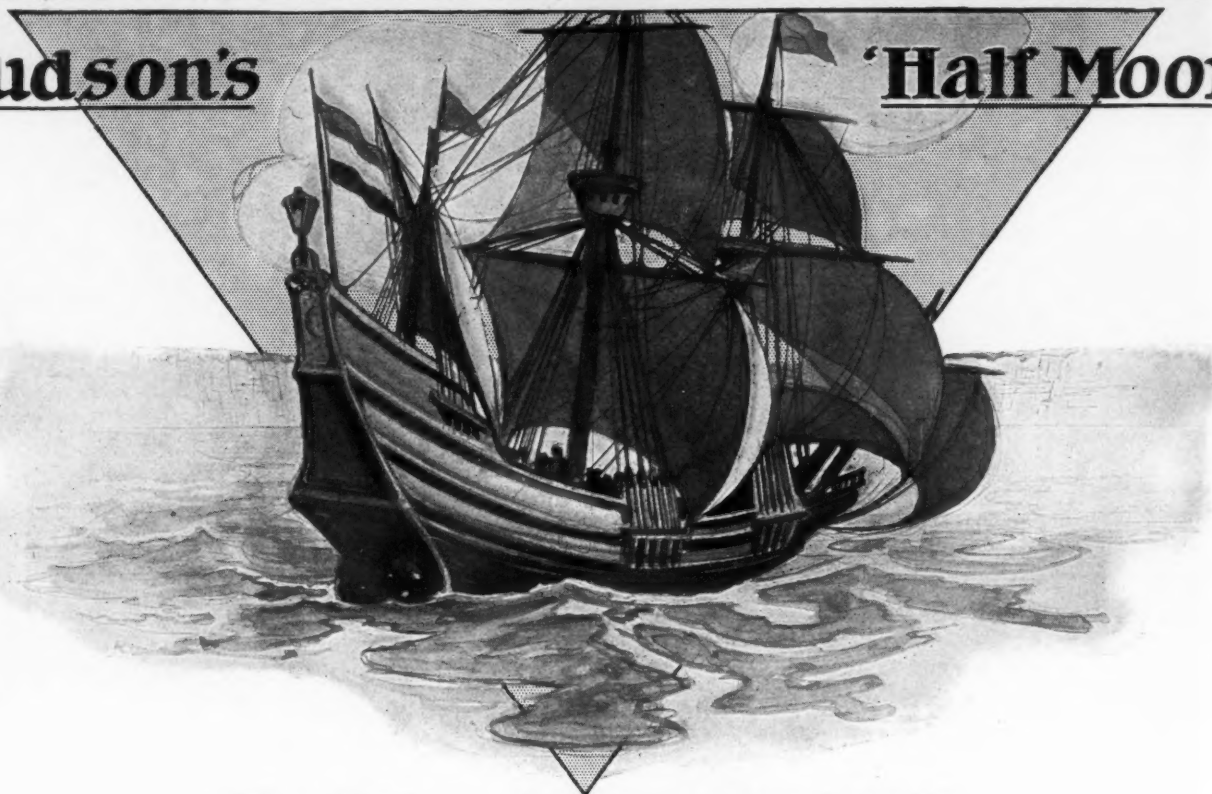
TOMMY: Well, no—I haven't.

UNCLE: Dear, dear! I hope you haven't been very bad.

TOMMY: N—no! Just comfortable!—*London Opinion.*

Hudson's

Half Moon



The Hudson Achievement of 1609

The Hudson "Twenty" is big in design, in looks, in material, in performance, in general all 'round value. The only thing small about it is the price.

It has a 100-inch wheel base, 32-inch wheels of the strong artillery type, large radiator, big hood, staunch, clean made frame.

It is a roomy car. One can ride all day in it without feeling cramped. Any more room would simply be waste of space. Its strong three-quarter elliptic springs and long wheel base take away all ordinary shocks of the road. It cradles its passengers over the rough places.

The Men Responsible for the Hudson Achievement of 1909

J. L. Hudson, President—Mr. Hudson is owner of the biggest retail dry goods store in Detroit. He is a large owner of Detroit real estate. He is vice-president of the Dime Savings Bank and a director of the American Exchange National Bank. He is recognized as a leading, conservative business man and capitalist of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, Vice-President—Mr. Chalmers is president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. Before buying a large interest in a Detroit Motor Company and making the name Chalmers-Detroit, he was for many years vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton.

R. B. Jackson, Treasurer and General Manager—Mr. Jackson is a mechanical engineer, being a graduate of the engineering department of the University of Michigan. He was factory manager of the Olds Motor Works from 1903 to 1907, and has had other very valuable automobile experience.

R. D. Chapin, Secretary—Mr. Chapin is treasurer and general manager of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. His experience in the automobile business covers a period of many years. He was formerly sales manager for the Olds Motor Works.

Geo. W. Dunham, Chief Engineer and Designer—Mr. Dunham studied engineering at Swarthmore and Kenyon Colleges. He was chief engineer of the American Motor Carriage Company from 1901 to 1904. In the latter year he became associated with the Olds Motor Works in a designing capacity. He was chief engineer of the Olds Motor Works from early in 1907 until March 1st, 1909.

H. E. Coffin, Member Board of Directors—Mr. Coffin is vice-president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. There is probably no automobile engineer who enjoys a more substantial reputation than Mr. Coffin. He has been designing successful cars for years. Among them the Oldsmobile and the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" and "Thirty."

The Hudson Twenty of a Big Car—

Here is a car that satisfies the taste for beauty—the beauty that enhances service. It is big and racy-looking. Note the graceful lines—the sweep of the fenders and the frame. There is no car with better lines. Judged by every mechanical and engineering standard this car is thoroughly up-to-date without embodying any experimental features.

The Hudson "Twenty" is the first low-priced car which embodies all the best features of the standard high-priced machines.

Wonderful Sales Record

Five days after the Hudson "Twenty" was announced to the trade dealers asked for 1,452 cars by wire. The entire year's output was contracted by dealers before the factory had a demonstrator ready. This is overwhelming evidence of what experts thought of the Hudson "Twenty." These cars were bought by dealers—men who know—men who must invest their money and reputation in them. These dealers knew that for the first time a car on which they could stake their reputation as judges of value was being built to sell for less than \$1,000.00—a car free from every objection heretofore raised against cars selling at or near the price. They knew that the integrity and reputation of the personnel of the Hudson Motor Car Company was such as to back up every claim made for the car.

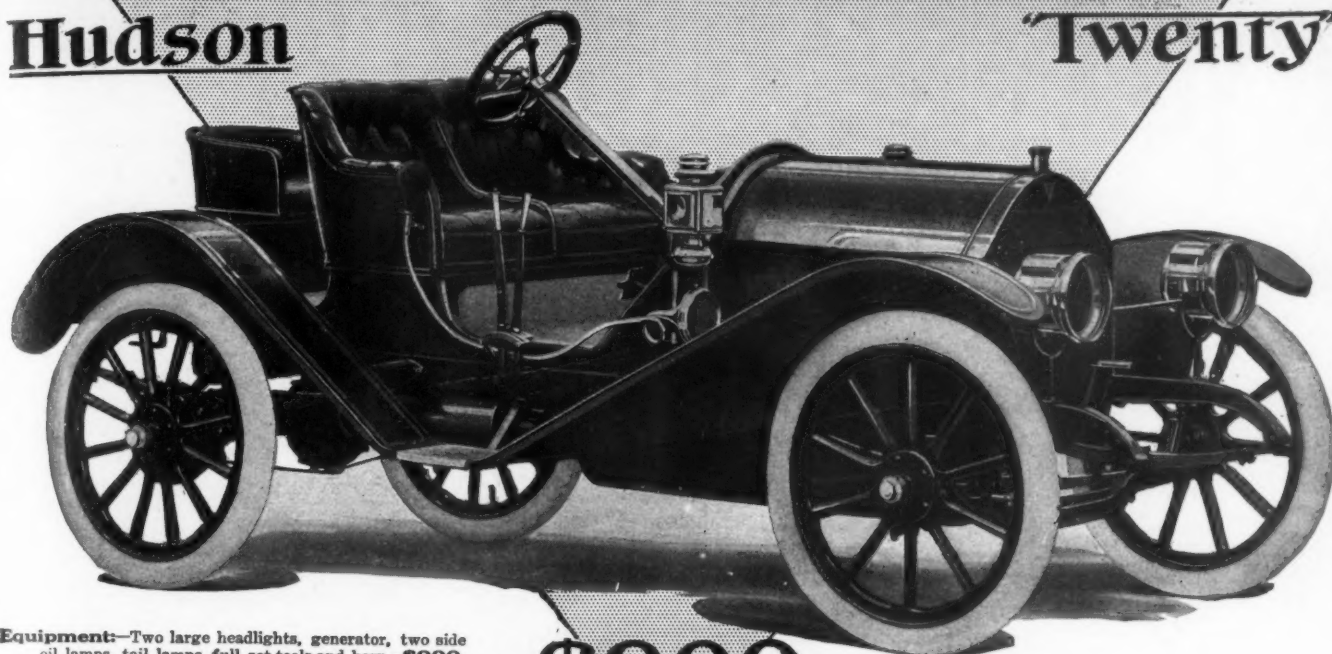
Selective, Sliding Gear Transmission

The Hudson "Twenty" has a sliding gear transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, Pierce, Lozier and other high grade cars. Most other low-priced cars do not have this type of transmission.

The Hudson Motor Car Company,

Hudson

"Twenty"



Equipment:—Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps, full set tools and horn—\$900. With Bosch magneto, top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—\$1050.

\$900

"Look for the Triangle on the Radiator."

The Hudson Achievement of 1909

**is not an Imitation
it is a Big Car**

Four Cylinder Motor

The motor is vertical, four cylinder, four cycle, water cooled, known as the Renault type, 3½" bore, and 4½" stroke. And Renault motors are the pride of France.

Single Piece I-Beam Axle

The front axle is a one piece drop-forged I-beam section, of the best grade of open hearth steel, carefully heat treated. The Peerless, Pierce, Matheson, Lozier and other high grade cars use drop-forged front axles. The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, shaft-driven, proved out by a score of makers.

Three Quarter Elliptic Rear Springs

There is more rake to the steering post than is found on the average car.

The springs are of special steel, semi-elliptic in front, and three-quarter-elliptic in the rear, such as you find in the Renault, Chalmers-Detroit, Pierce and others.

Lubrication is of the pump circulated, constant splash system, which has proved so satisfactory on the Oldsmobile, Chalmers-Detroit, and other highly successful cars.

The tires are 32"x3" in front and 32"x3½" in the rear. The crank shaft has a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds; the clutch is leather faced, cone type; the clearance is 12½ inches under the steering knuckles.

A Licensed Car

The "Twenty" has been recognized by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. It is the only four cylinder licensed car selling for less than \$1,000.

The Hudson "Twenty" is making good in use. Dealers and private owners have been using them for two months and they are giving entire satisfaction.

Won Twenty-four Hour Race

On September tenth at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition the "Twenty" won the 24 hour race open to all types of cars. It covered 706 miles in eighteen actual running hours (5½ hours being lost through tire trouble) and defeated the nearest competitor by nearly 100 miles.

The Hudson was the lowest priced car in the race and bested some cars costing five times as much.

Mr. Dunham, our designer, drove a "Twenty" from Indianapolis, Ind., to Detroit via Dayton, Ohio, and Toledo—a distance of 382 miles—in seventeen hours of elapsed time, leaving Indianapolis at 3 a. m. reaching Detroit at 9 p. m. the same day. *And he did it without replenishing water, oil or gasoline.*

These are endurance tests. They tried the car to the utmost. Yet no weakness was developed.

Your dealer has an allotment of so many cars. When he sells that number he can get no more this year. You should see this car at once and if possible place your order for future delivery. *Please mail the coupon now so we can send a catalog.*

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

To Belinda

Belinda is the Village Belle,
Her beauty has no II.

Her charming manner is perfection,
There's no one like her in this §.

I wonder would she think me rash
If after her I made a —,

And with a manner suave and bland
I frankly asked her for her 887;

Then if I murmured, "Tell me, dearie,"
Would she say, "Yes," unto my ?.

And yet—Belinda's tongue's so brisk,
I fear I'd be an *.
—Carolyn Wells, in *Harper's Weekly*.

An Instance

KNICKER: Time brings strange changes.
BOCKER: Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths.—*Harper's Bazar*.

All Right for Tabby

MRS. X (*away from home*): John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started?
MR. X (*who dislikes the beast*): Yes; I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can-opener beside it.—*Human Life*.

"In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE."

Vigilant Fido

In the barber shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.
"Nice dog, that," said the customer.
"He is, sir," said the barber.
"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."
"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber,

smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear."—*Judge Library*.

The Lady from Indiana

"Was she artistic?" asked an inquiring person of Kin Hubbard, the Indianapolis epigram maker, who was describing an Indiana genius.
"Artistic?" said Hubbard. "Was she artistic? I should say she was. She was so artistic that one day, when one of her peekaboo shirt-waists she had made herself fell into the pianola, they played two Beethoven rhapsodies with it before they discovered their mistake."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

A Crazy Clock

Visiting an old mate, who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.
"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.
"No, lad!" was the lunatic's reply. "That's why it's here."—*London Daily News*.

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"Drink it for Health and Contentment"

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He Knew

Little Willie, the son of a Germantown woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:
"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"
"Not yet," responded Willie, imperturbably.
"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.
"Naw!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"—*Lippincott's*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

A Few Suggested Floats for the Hudson Celebration

(By our Special Floater, Wilberforce Jenkins.)

I. *Past and Present, or, What Will He Get for It.*—Henry Hudson is represented in this picture entering the lobby of the Hotel St. Reckless, New York, holding the historic twenty-four-dollar bill in his hand and asking the room-clerk what kind of an apartment he can buy with the money.

II. *Progress.*—This should be a morally instructive float, with especial interest to the young. It can be made particularly impressive in two contrasting figures, the first, labeled "1701," showing Captain Kidd hanging in chains, and the second, labeled "1909," showing a Tammany leader hanging from a Subway strap.

III. *Rip Van Winkle Returns.*—This float shows Rip Van Winkle repeating his famous nap, only this time he is not lying asleep in the forests of the Catskills, but in a grand-tier box at the Metropolitan Opera House during a performance of *Die Gotterdammerung*.

IV. *Benedict Arnold Longing for Home.*—The famous Anglomaniac is discovered sitting alone on the forward deck of the *Mary Powell* gazing gloomily at Sing Sing prison as the vessel passes up the river.—*Harper's Weekly*.



"COME, FLY WITH ME!"

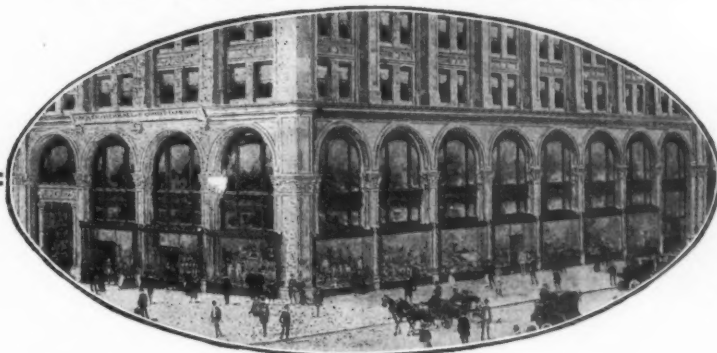
"CAN'T; I'M IN A WIRELESS CAGE!"

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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Reversing a Platitude

"Have you ever noticed," began the bald gentleman, who liked to entertain the people gathered in his corner of the hotel piazza, "that little men invariably marry large women?"

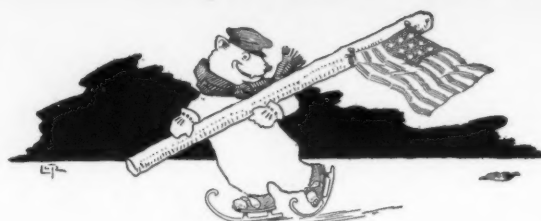
"It may be so," murmured a mild-eyed fellow guest, "but I had always supposed that it was the other way about—that the large women married the small men."—*Youth's Companion*.

Other Kind Wanted

"Have you got any of this new kind of whisky that won't make a man drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, give me a quart of the other kind."—*Boston Traveler*.



"IT IS TO LAUGH"

LIFE SECURES COOK AND PEARY

*Even now they are on the road to the greatest discovery of Modern Times.
What it is you will never know, unless you see*

The North Pole Number. Out Next Week

It's a wise pole that knows its own press agent.

Our mysterious and marvelous expedition has been arranged without any ostentation. We wanted to exploit ourselves. We felt some slight pride in our achievement, but both Dr. Cook and Lieutenant Peary objected.

"Far be it from me," said Peary, "to advertise myself in any unseemly manner. All I passionately desire is a life of obscurity."

"You couldn't get me to claim anything," said Cook, "that would make me prominent."

Of course, after this we had to be satisfied with secrecy. We can only say that we have paid each explorer nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars in advance, and from purely patriotic motives arranged it so that what they are now doing will appear only in LIFE. Any other paper copying our exclusive news will be called a Liar and a Horse Thief, and other well-known polar names. We believe in being dignified, or we might go even farther.

They are now on their way to a colder spot than the North Pole. Will they return triumphant?

We tremble when we think of the consequences, but we hope for the best. In the meantime, the world awaits with hysterical anxiety.

Remember, that the next number of LIFE will reveal the fatal secret.

Out next Tuesday.



"I SAW THEM COMING"



"I WAS THE ONLY WITNESS"



THIS WAS A MERE INCIDENT TO WHAT IS NOW GOING ON.
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The inside is a refrigerating plant of cold storage polar jokes, fresh from the ninetieth parallel.

Our observations are all correct.

The evidence is all there.

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VERSE ON HUDSON? CERTAINLY.

39 1/2

Then up spake Old Hendrik Hudson,
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Have your table dress
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That is the bait to catch bludson."

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Why Truth Goes Naked

Secretary Meyer, at a Newport luncheon, answered an interesting question.

"Why," a naval cadet asked, "do we always speak of the 'naked' truth?"

Secretary Meyer smiled and answered:

"There is an ancient fable, and one very appropriate to this hot weather, which tells us that on a summer afternoon Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe together. They found a crystal spring, they bathed in the cool, fresh water, and Falsehood, emerging first, clothed herself in the garments of Truth and went her way. But Truth, unwilling to put on the garb of Falsehood, departed naked. And to this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair white robes, so that many persons mistake her for Truth's very self; but poor Truth still goes naked."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Prevention

CHOLLY SOFTHED: Say, Mr. Killtime, I er-love your daughter and want to marry her. Is there any insanity in your family?

MR. KILLTIME: No, young man, there's not, an', moreover, there ain't er-goin' to be!—*Chicago Daily News.*



There was an old Goody,
And what do you think?
She lived upon Nothing
But Victuals and Drink:
The Drink was on Me,
Tho' she used to deny it.
I dared not complain
So I had to keep quiet.

More Work

STUBB: What's the trouble, old chap? You look angry enough to fight."

PENN: Oh, I'm sizzling. It took me an hour to button up my wife's waist in the back, and then I told her a joke and she laughed so much the buttons all flew open. What's the use of telling a woman a joke, anyhow.—*Chicago News.*



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Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Another Sort

Butlers must be dignified, even in the most undignified families. A writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune* tells the story of an English butler who thus conversed with the minister, who had called to make inquiries on the occasion of the birth of a child:

"Is it a boy?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Is it a girl?"

"No, sir."

Whereupon the inquirer gasped, and intimated that he was very much astonished.

The butler then announced, "Madam has given birth to an heir, sir."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Writers

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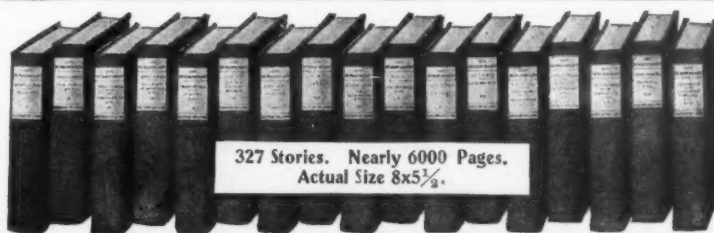
De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis.

Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion, his psychological curiosity kept him true to human nature, while at the same time his mental eye when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of human conduct, could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd.

His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

These marvelous quaint, delicious stories should be a part of every library. Here are given tales of travel and adventure, of mystery and dread, of strange medical experiences, of love and lust, of comedy, and pathos that hovers upon the borders of comedy, and of tragedy.

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Lost in Antiquity

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started the thing, anyway?"—
Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Wiling to Help

"But, darling," murmured the lovelorn youth, "every night for two weeks I have been on my bended knees before you. Have you no pity?"

"I certainly have, Horace," spoke up the pretty flirt, as she reached for her handbag; "here's a whole quarter. Go have your trousers pressed. After so much bending they must be baggy at the knees."—Wasp.



Mr. Fly: THIS MUST BE PITTSBURG.

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Pasadena, California, opening December 1st.

Appropriate Grace

At a dinner the other evening, Dr. Charles F. Aked—familiarily known as the pastor of Rockefeller's church—told the following story about a daughter of a fellow minister:

"It was the custom of the household to have dinner at noon on Sunday and to have a very light meal at night. One Sunday evening little Helen's father was absent and her mother said to her, 'Papa is away to-night. Suppose you say grace.'

"Helen was hungry. There was very little to eat on the table. Casting a sweeping glance over the board, she tilted back her head and said solemnly, 'For pity's sake! Amen.'—Leslie's Weekly.

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I know a land of rest for all,
Most excellent for camping;
Where through the forest primeval
The startled deer go stamping.
Where trout go leaping up the falls
Of merry, rushing brooklets;
Where nature, sweet-voiced nature calls—
It's in the railroad booklets.

—Boston Herald.

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you will find the Drama, the Stage, Players and all subjects pertaining to the
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New York

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Rhymed Reviews

"Mr. Opp"

(By Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Company.)

Poor little Mr. Opp! who teemed
With thought sublime and projects regal!
For Wealth and Fame he strove, he dreamed
Of Love, while editing the *Eagle*.

Yet cast all hope of Fame aside,
Rejected Wealth's alluring glister,
Resigned his press and promised bride,
And lived to tend a witless sister.

This hero seems, to one who digs
In many tales by light of candle,
A trousered child of "Mrs. Wiggs"
And "Septimus."—I mean no scandal.

But Mrs. Rice can weave a plot,
Though frail, so rich in pleasing features
That one could wish her friends were not
Such hopeless, ineffective creatures.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Literary Vivisection

In reading the literary criticism of the day we have sometimes been uneasily conscious that our critics are too compassionate in dispraise, that when it is their duty to attack they are content with polite insinuation and qualified innuendo. Macaulay with his bludgeon, Poe with his vitriol, long ago found their places among the curios of criticism; even Henley thrust too viciously to please the amiable Mr. Chesterton. Professor Brander Matthews' dictum that a critic should always write like a gentleman sounds strangely remote at a time when the critic is rather inclined to write like a lady. Only the other day we caught a book reviewer speaking almost respectfully of Hall Caine. Pretty soon we may look for the long delayed "appreciation" of Marie Corelli.

* * *

Now, urbanity, of course, is a thing to be desired. When Sir Lucius O'Trigger admonished Bob Acres that "Damme, sir!" would never do in addressing even the most detestable of rivals he unconsciously afforded us an analogy to the conduct of true literary criticism. However deadly the rapier, however merciless may be the critical intention, it is at the behest of good breeding that we brandish it with at least an affectation of politeness. The trouble seems to be that in pursuing perfection of deportment we have specified robustness, vigor, directness. The critical blade lacks temper. There is no longer energy behind it; no longer does it draw blood.

* * *

Such were our cogitations immediately preceding our perusal of *The Bookman* for September. Curiously enough, we had reckoned without Professor Harry Thurston Peck. Having read his paper, "Concerning Mr. Joseph R. Kipling," we take heart again. The criticism we thought anemic is suddenly surcharged with red corpuscles. For many weary months the pale masters of polite circumlocution have intimated and suggested and inferred that the Rudyard Kipling of recent years was not the Kipling of old; that his verse especially had lost inspiration and ring, until in "The City of Brass" it resounded not at all. This was obvious, but insufficient. To borrow another metaphor, the interests of literature called for a thorough diagnosis—perhaps an inquest. Dr. Peck responded to the hurry call. Ethics ordinarily demand that an author be dead before literary doctors cut him up and analyze his liver. But Kipling, many years ago—like Dickens before him—was a rash critic of Americans and their country. So Dr. Peck has resorted to vivisection. He thinks that the man who wrote "The City of Brass" has pretty well described himself in his characterization of Wilton Sargent, American:

"His voice had risen to the high, throaty crow of his breed when they labor under excitement. His close-set eyes showed by turns unnecessary fear, annoyance beyond reason,

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rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge."

As Fear once came to the Jungle, so "Fear has come to Mr. Kipling," remarks Dr. Peck. . . . He is like Michele D'Cruze when the last White drop oozed out of his veins as he quivered and shivered . . . in Mr. Kipling's own story, *His Chance in Life*. Finally:

"We have witnessed the disappearance of Rudyard Kipling, laureate of an empire. . . . In his place we now have the very commonplace figure of Mr. Joseph R. Kipling, middle class, prosperous and provincial Englishman—who is afraid."

* * *

(Continued on page 454)



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Literary Vivisection

(Continued from page 453)

Of course, we cannot all have the same kind of liver. Another sort was unconsciously indicated in a story recently told by Lord Morley concerning a young journalistic aspirant who applied for a job. "Have you any special talent?" asked the editor. The young man thought he had. "And what is it?" "Invective." "Any particular kind of invective?" "No; general invective."

* * *

Is life worth living? We dare say it depends somewhat upon whether one has Mr. Kipling's or Dr. Peck's liver.

—W. T. Larned.

Dickens

An amateur critic up in Rochester, in a letter to the *Sun*, has been moved to unburden his mind of a deep-rooted prejudice against Dickens—a "vulgar caricaturist"; and the ensuing shower of epistolary bricks would seem to indicate that Boz is still a "best seller."

It is doubtful if any other novelist has been so adored and so disparaged from the very beginning of his popularity up to the present day. The reason, of course, is not hard to find; few great writers have been guilty of such grave defects. The sentimentalism of Dickens, his genius for exaggeration, the poverty of his thought, will continue to enrage a certain proportion of readers and critics who are blind to his palpable merits. Professor

Saintesbury, who is inclined to belittle him, nevertheless ranks Dickens with Balzac as "the greatest fantastic novelist of the world." One might seek far to find a more impartial and comprehensive critical appraisal, in a single phrase, implying as it does a discernment of achievement and limitations.

Nervy Dickens? If you do you must reckon with Swinburne, who called him "the greatest Englishman of the generation"; with Edward Fitzgerald, to whom he was "a mighty Benefactor of Mankind"; with Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse; with Henry, who, curiously enough, put him far above Thackeray. For all his literary sins, even Mr. Howells celebrates his essential virtues; even Taine could not deny his power.

As for the average reader's praise or blame, it may not be of much critical consequence. Yet in the case of Dickens, attacks on his reputation serve at least to elicit evidence of his abiding popularity. And it always cheers us immensely to discover that any dead author of renown is not only written and talked about but actually read.

W. T. L.

Better Play Safe

ESMERALDA: How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?

GWENDOLEN: If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time.—*Chicago Tribune*.



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Stubbs and Washington

Ed. Martindale tells this story as one of the incidents of Governor Stubbs's visit at Washington. Stubbs met a Kentucky colonel who had on a pretty big load of the juice that invigorates and later inebriates. The Colonel started out by saying:

"Governor, we, the people of Kentucky, sah, have heard of you, sah. I am glad to meet you, sah. My people, sah, think you a greater man than Washington."

"You flatter me overmuch. George Washington was a very great man."

"George Washington!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Thunder, no! No, sah; I meant Booker T. Washington!"—*Kansas City Journal*.

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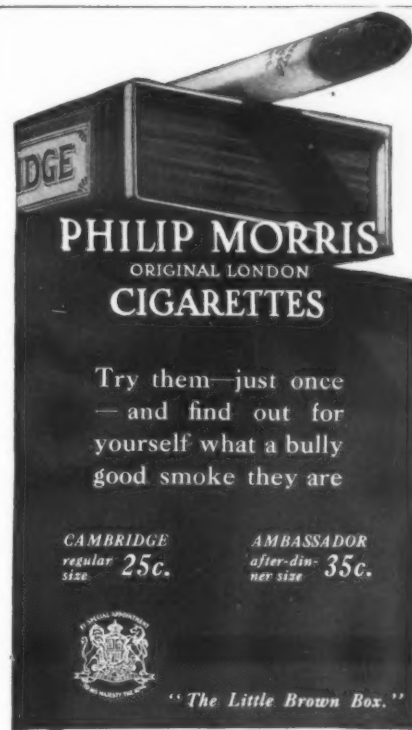
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No Race Suicide

There are many anecdotes of actors and playwrights in the lately published recollections of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. Some of these, of course, originate with the always amusing H. J. Byron. To a provincial landlady he once bitterly complained of having been attacked by fleas.

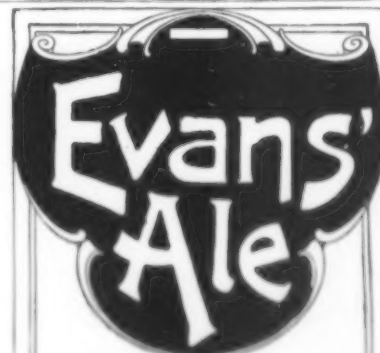
"Fleas, sir!" was the retort, "I am sure there is not a single flea in my house."

"I am sure of it, too," was Byron's rejoinder, "they are all married and have large families."—*Judy*.

Exchanging Solemn Thoughts

"Ah," says the man with the parted whiskers, "when one stands alone in the night and contemplates the wonders of creation, how futile, how puny man seems! How vain, how puerile his hopes and longings, when he is surrounded by the eternal silence of the universe! Has this ever occurred to you?"

"You bet!" answers the man with the big scarfpin. "He feels just as punk as he does when he misses the owl car and has to stand on the corner an hour for another one."—*Chicago Post*.



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